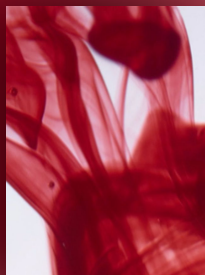




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Victims



murder

homicide

insanity

81 8 15

Chapter 1 by N8

Tick.

Tock.

Tick.

Tock.

Her blood was now staining my new carpet.

I breathe in, and breathe out.

"Crap... that cost \$30."

I pull out my sketchbook, and begin observing my masterpiece.

The blood splattered upon the wall. So articulate.

An illegal art form, so satisfying.

I open my notepad, and write.

Victim #4- Gwen Trush

Cause of Death- Asphyxiation.

Art- Picasso

I need to clean up my mess, clean my artwork, and find Victim #5

Chapter 2 by Sam Lam

See more of Story Wars



Victim #5 lives close to her. I heard, I sensed his presence close by. His eyes stare right at me, fear shocking through him. His mouth opened wide as if he wanted

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to scream. He can scream as loud as he wants. He knows that he's my next victim. And I'm set out for my revenge.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



This time, he hangs loosely from my studio rafter's, a thin fishing line all that keeps him suspended. I nod at no one in particular. The ads were right, it really could support the weight of the pig. I'm sure you've seen that ridiculous commercial, right? Where they're lassoing the pigs on the farm, and they have all of those men in the big old cowboy hats swearing by the product while the words "PAID ACTOR" spill across the bottom of the screen?

Well, anyway, I had a commission from that very company. And Victim #5 was proving to be an excellent model.

I already had an idea in mind. A cheeky advertisement, a man cheating on his wife being caught up in a wire trap set by the soon to be divorcee herself. The news might even chitter about the morality of it, if I was lucky. In any case, it was tasteless enough for the likes of the Hogline Fishing Company.

If I got enough recognition from this, I might have to start looking for a Victim #6 in advance.

Chapter 4 by HANNAH JAMES



Victim #6 was an easy find. She was having coffee in a quiet cafe with a friend. Nobody else was there, so I went to work. Tania was her name. I thought about how people's lives would change if they were named something else, as I disabled the cameras.

'Three people for one target,' I thought. 'I really am going all-out for this one.' Once I was done, I again wrote.

'Victim #6- Tania Adams

Cause of Death: My own design.'

I won't share **how** I killed her, but it was a hoot.

Just then, I heard a siren. "Crap!" I said to myself. I ran out the back door into an alley and quickly put on a sweater and some glasses. I thought about my disguise. I thought. Then I was off to find lucky Victim #6.

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Chapter 5 by Gabriella



The sirens were coming from a robbery or gang from across the street.

Not from me.

I smirk to myself as I sip the now-cold coffee.

I was thinking that from Victim #7 I was going to do something different. Not killing them (I never repeat that) but choosing them.

As I was passing multiple storefronts I chose the pub.

Pubs are where the drunks are. All I have to do is choose someone with weight on their shoulders. Guilt. The ones who drink their lives away.

But then I saw HIM...

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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